

# Good Morning 715

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

# CAR TRADE HAS PLAN TO TRAIN THOUSANDS

**MR. R. R. HOPKINS**, Personnel Executive of one of Britain's largest motor-car manufacturers, this week discusses the prospects in the car trade.

The motor industry is one of the largest and most important in the land. Hundreds of thousands were employed in it in 1939. What, then, are the prospects for post-war employment?

This question calls for careful examination. Because the industry is large and has appeared prosperous, many will be attracted to it. Some will seek employment with various of the large manufacturers and dealers; others may be tempted to set up repair stations of their own.

**All this happened after the last war, and there are lessons to be learned.**

Take the large manufacturers and dealers first—will they be expanding and considering increasing their staffs? Looking at the question broadly, there are reasons for thinking this will be so. At the outbreak of this war the United States of America had five times as many cars per head of the population as this England of ours—so we're a long way off peak demand.

Our road and taxation systems have some bearing on development, but we're looking at the question broadly for the moment.

But this should also be remembered: The Civil Employment Reinstatement Act calls upon employers to re-engage all those who were with them when they were called up, and this is a legal and moral obligation which demands first priority.

**For the time being it is quite probable that employers will be concentrating on this obligation, which means in effect that they will**

not all be ready to offer posts to "newcomers" to the industry before they have made satisfactory arrangements for their own returning men.

However, demobilisation is to be a gradual process, with no more rights reserved to those who come out early than those who come out later on—there is no question of the jobs being snapped up by a few lucky ones this time.

Next a word of this business of opening up small garages or repair shops. It was done on a great scale after the last war, and there may be temptations for history to repeat itself. Large numbers of fellows have acquired M.T. and repair shop experience in this war; most will have a sizeable gratuity coming to them after demobilisation.

But it's only fair to say that the attraction—in my opinion—should be resisted. It's all too much of a snare and a delusion. Many of those who took this road after the last war came unstuck—financially or otherwise.

The fact is the modern motor car has got past the stage when it can be tinkered with in a small way, even by a reasonably skilled mechanic.

Those of you who have had M.T. experience during the war will readily appreciate this: think of the apparatus and equipment which is available to your larger service depots or repair stations; think of the cost of it; then think of trying to set up without this apparatus—in competition with bigger firms who have it. How could you hope to compare with them in (a) speed, (b) efficiency, or (c) cost?

And the trend is towards more and more of this equipment. Think of simple oiling, greasing and washing. You know how it used to be done—

by hand. But what do we see now—ramps, pressure guns, automatic washers, and all the rest of it.

The trend in regard to maintenance and repair work generally will be to indulge in less "patching up" and to develop a more comprehensive system of replacements in the way of components or sections—reflect for a moment on the changed methods needed for dealing with all-metal bodies, as compared with the coach-work of earlier days.

Is all this meant to discourage? By no means; it is only to point out that the days when it might have been a good thing to go glibly into small-time garage or repair work because one has acquired a certain amount of familiarity with this kind of thing in the Services, are gone for ever. Something more is needed to secure a first foothold in the motor industry of these days. What is that something?

It all depends on your particular objective. Taking courses for young people as a guide, one large manufacturer operates no less than 14 specific three-year training courses, in addition to an overall engineering apprenticeship scheme.

These courses cover the following occupations: accounting and costing, artists and car styling, canteen, engineering (experimental, draughtsmanship and engineering records), export, general supply, parts service, plant maintenance (mechanical, electrical, building and clerical), production (sheet metal, machining and assembly), progress, service, sheet-metal tooling, tool room, tool inspection and machine maintenance, domestic sales, advertising and publicity. Here is an indication of the breadth of the canvas.

For retail distribution and sales and service work in the "territory," as it is called, the range is not quite so vast, but the larger dealers obviously require many skills and trades in operating their business.

What sort of educational and other levels are required of entrants to the motor industry?

In the first place it is a developing industry in which adaptability is at a premium. But you can't be adaptable without a foundation, so the better the level of general education, the better—this isn't a reference to school-days; adult or part-time education, in the Forces or elsewhere, can be just as useful.

But don't let anyone get the idea that a decent level of ability in English, mathematics, history, science and geography isn't worth having—it is; and the raising of the school-leaving age amongst our young brothers and sisters is going to make it all the more so.

Next, the better your general engineering background, the better.

A special word of caution might be useful here. In the services the emphasis has naturally been on getting a certain level of practical skill as quickly as possible without too much regard to fundamental "whys" and "hows." This is very good up to a point, but something deeper is required for a long-term job in the peace-time motor industry.

General engineering apprentices, for instance, are taught to use equipment covering the following: lathe-work, milling, drilling, slotting, shaping, boring, grinding, semi-automatics, fitting and erecting, die-making, tool and gauge-making, jig-making, heat treatment,

welding, brazing and soldering. None of these things will come amiss to anyone wishing to find himself a sphere of usefulness in the motor industry on the practical or mechanical side.

Some manufacturers are now running "refresher and up-grading" courses for men who have "gone rusty" or wish to better themselves. These may be devoted to the needs of reinstated Servicemen for some little time in the immediate future, but the machinery will be there for others as and when the opportunities permit.

Dealers, too, are aware of the necessity for giving "vocational" guidance and instruction to those they engage.

There may be big developments here; parts service, for instance, was looked upon as a necessary evil not so very many years ago. The war has taught us all that this department contributes materially to the soundness and development of a retail outlet, and

## USELESS EUSTACE



"It's my nipper's ambition to be a fighter pilot one day, isn't it, Walter?"

## Luscious Memory for Sto. Arthur Stafford

**STRAWBERRIES** and cream, or the thought of it, generally brings visions of the days when they were bought in 7lb. baskets and eaten with lashings of Devonshire cream, but to Mrs. G. Stafford, of Stainhope House, Liverpool 8, it brings a picture of 20-years-old Stoker Arthur Stafford, her son.

In her mind, Arthur and the luscious fruit are inseparable, and when strawberries are in season (though not, alas, with cream) she thinks of you even more than usual, Arthur.

"Good Morning" caught a whole bevy of your relations just having dinner, including Joyce and Sandra—two bouncing new members of the clan that you haven't yet seen, and the pride and joy of Kathleen and Ann respectively.

Your mother asked us to tell you that the Rialto is still flourishing, and, at the time we called, was showing a gory epic called "Hangover Square."

Brian was very pleased to be able to send his best wishes to you, but on the quiet he was even more pleased about the fact that our visit got him an afternoon off school!

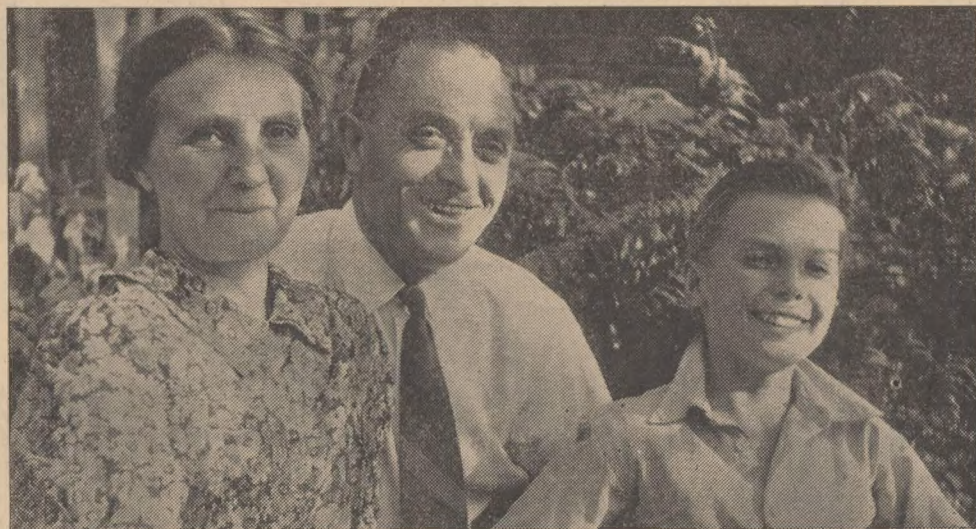
Bill, your cousin, has just arrived in S.E.A.C., so it shouldn't be long (according to him) before the Japs are well and truly beaten.

Unfortunately we missed Edith, but your mother said we'd be quite safe in sending you her love. She has had a few days off work recently, but for nothing serious, just a cut finger.

All the family are looking forward to August, when they hope you will be heading for home. A year is a long time

without seeing you, so all send their love and wish you a speedy return.

**P.S.—We bet Edith is a STRAWBERRY blonde?**



## Home Request for Sig. Stan Gabriel

**YOUR** parents were very anxious that you should see the latest news from home and in Bruce Castle Park, and only wishes you a picture of the folks in "Good Morning." Sig. Stan Gabriel, but there was a snag. Your mother and father don't get home until 6.30.

However, we made arrangements to call on them, and when we reached 158 Risley-avenue your father was standing at the gate waiting for us.

You certainly have no need to worry about the health of the folk at home, because mother and father and Peter were looking exceedingly well, as you can see from the picture.

Both Keith and Cyril are well, and while getting around, it seems possible you might bump into one of them some time. Les is in Germany, and he writes home pretty often, and is looking forward to seeing everyone again.

Peter has been enjoying himself at the Fair in Bruce Castle Park, and only wishes you could have been home to go with him.

Still, maybe next time the Fair season comes round you'll be able to. He also hopes that, though you'll miss his birthday this year, you'll be back by his next.

Your father still goes to the Constitutional Club in Bruce Grove, but he misses those games of snooker you used to have together. Mr. Jones would like specially to be remembered to you and hopes to see you soon.

Maybe it won't be long now before you can see the garden itself and not just a photographic glimpse. Anyway, everyone at home and all the folk you know hope so, and meantime send their kindest regards and very best wishes for a good trip and safe return.

**We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1**



# OH, THE NEED

(CRIES MR. WELLER)

## FOR A ALLEYBI!

The End of the Trial of  
Pickwick. By Charles Dickens

### THIRD PART.

Mr. Weller steps into the box.

JUDGE: What's your name, sir?

Sam: Sam Weller, my lord.

Judge: Do you spell it with a V, or a W?

Sam: That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spell it with a V.

Weller, senior (from the audience): Quite right, too, Samivel. Put it down a "We," my lord; now?

put it down a "We."

Judge: Who is that who dares address the Court? Crier!

Crier: Yes, my lord.

Judge: Bring that person here instantly.

Crier: Yes, my lord.

Judge: Do you know who that was, sir?

Sam: I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord.

Judge: Do you see him here now?

Sam (looking up to the ceiling): No, I don't, my lord.

Judge: If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

Sam: Thank ye, my lord.

Buzfuz: Now, Mr. Weller.

Sam: Now, sir.

Buzfuz: I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case? Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

Sam: I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a very good service it is.

Buzfuz: Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?

Sam: Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they

ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

Judge: You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir; it's not evidence.

Sam: Wery good, my lord.

Buzfuz: Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?

Sam: Yes, I do, sir.

Buzfuz: Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

Sam: I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury, and that was a very partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

Judge: You had better be careful, sir.

Sam: So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord; and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes—wery careful indeed, my lord.

The Judge looks sternly at Sam and motions Buzfuz to proceed.

Buzfuz: Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

Sam: Certainly not; I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

Buzfuz: Now, attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

Sam: Yes, I have a pair of eyes,

and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, 'prhaps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes you see, my wision's limited.

Buzfuz: Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

Sam: If you please, sir.

Buzfuz: Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last?

Sam: Oh, yes, wery well.

Buzfuz: Oh, you do remember that, Mr. Weller; I thought we should get at something at last.

Sam: I rayther thought that, too, sir.

Buzfuz: Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?

Sam: I went up to pay the

rent; but we did get a-talkin' about the trial.

Buzfuz: Oh, you did get a-talking about the trial. Now, what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?

Sam: With all the pleasure in life, sir. After a few unimportant observations from the virtuous female as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—they two gen'l'men as is sittin' over there.

Buzfuz: The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

Sam: Yes; they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick.

Buzfuz: It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any

(Continued on Page 3)

### JOKE CORNER



"Your mind is an open book to me . . . sometimes I wish I could read!"

"Mr. Furber's compliments, but he says we have already someone to cook the books."

## QUIZ for today

5. What is an inhabitant of Shropshire called?  
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Apricot, Cherry, Strawberry, Plum, Damson, Greengage.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 714

1. Who was the first man to send a message by wireless?
2. What is a Schnitzel?
3. Where is Wagga-Wagga?
4. Between what towns did the Romans build Watling Street?

1. Ten cents (in U.S.A.).
2. Rutlandshire.
3. The Nore, 1732.
4. Rye or potatoes.
5. Repondez, s'il vous plait. (Answer, if you please).
6. Salt is mineral; others are vegetable.

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

★ By Cathryn Rose ★

THERE'S no such place as Hollywood, says Marc Platt, young stage dancer, signed up by Columbia for a featured role in the Technicolor musical, "To-night and Every Night."

He cannot find Hollywood on the map, and his fan mail reaches him with a Los Angeles date-stamp impressed upon it. He is right—Hollywood does not exist. It is a suburb of Los Angeles, though it has its own civic administration.

More surprising to Platt was the discovery that few of the studios are in Hollywood. Twentieth Century-Fox is out at Fox Hills, M.G.-M. is at Culver City, and Universal is way out at Universal City, nestling in the hills.

Platt feels a little comforted, however, to discover that his own studio is in the heart of a place that does not exist—officially!

★ NOT all the whistles heard on the set of Columbia's latest "Whistler" picture, "The Power of the Whistler," are in the script of the mystery thriller.

Whistles of an entirely unscheduled variety were sounded by the cast and crew when blonde lovely Janis Carter, who plays the feminine lead, showed up for a scene clad in a diaphanous nightgown for a bedroom shot.

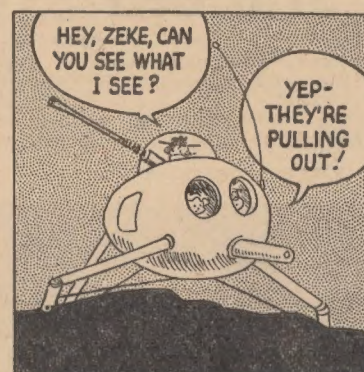
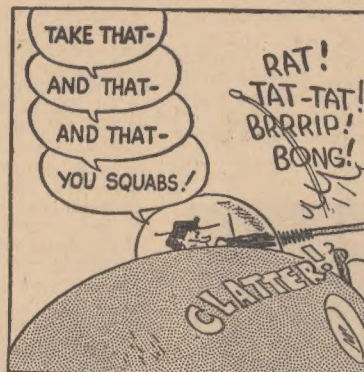
★ BAND-LEADER XAVIER CUGAT had, until recently, the most glamorous landlady in Hollywood. Now he has finished his role in "Week-end at the Waldorf," he has bought the house and no longer has to pay his weekly rent over to the landlady, which seems a bad move on his part.

You see, the landlady's name was—Hedy Lamarr.

★ CECIL B. DeMILLE, producer of the recently re-issued "Sign of the Cross," says this is one of his favourite films. He has seen it about 400 times. Well, that's his taste.

One cannot concentrate on a person's virtues and still be thinking about his faults. If you think you can, try it out and see.

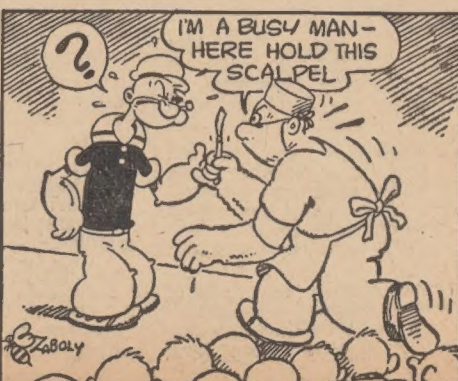
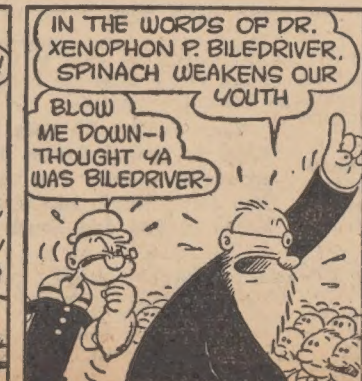
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 655

- 1. Behead to turn and get a part of a limb.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: eilslfrenhaentisomi.
- 3. What word of five letters, meaning a "harbour," is composed entirely of match-stick letters—i.e. capital letters consisting only of straight lines
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Your wrist is — your —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 654

- 1. W-hack.
- 2. Bert's bust his bright brown boots.
- 3. INTIMATE.
- 4. Bo'sun, bonus.

JANE

Oh, the Need for a Alleybi!

(Continued from Page 2) evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the Court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir.

Sam: Would any other gen'tleman like to ask me anythin'?

Snubbin: Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you. I have no objection to admit, my lord, if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property.

Buzfuz: Very well. Then that's my case, my lud.

Snubbin: In the absence of my leader, Serjeant Phunky, who is at Westminster, I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of replying to this case.

Judge: Serjeant Phunky should have been here. I cannot postpone my summing up on that account.

Gentlemen of the jury! if Mrs. Bardell be right, it is perfectly

clear that Mr. Pickwick must be wrong; and if you think the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, you will of course believe it; and if you don't, you won't.

If you are satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage has been committed, you will find for the plaintiff with such damages as you think proper; and if on the other hand it appears to you that no promise of marriage has ever been given, you will find for the defendant with no damages at all.

Crier: Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?

Foreman: For the plaintiff.

Crier: With what damages, gentlemen?

Foreman: £750.

Mr. Weller, senior: Oh, Sammy, Sammy, vy weren't there a alleybi?

THE END

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

IN astonishing contrast to the vast array of big things built, launched or flown almost every day, is the miniature marvel of an electric motor built inside a pearl.

This amazing engineering feat by a Swiss electrician is complete in every detail. It is mechanically perfect.

Why not all miniatures rival this, it is a fact that the fascination of making microscopic models attracts many people.

Any reader or book-lover would be intrigued with what was recently claimed to be the world's smallest book. It was of 28 pages, bound in calf-skin, and only 3.32nds of an inch over all.

A library of such size would be well in keeping for wooden dolls which were imported into this country by a London firm. With jointed arms and legs and carved features, these tiny toys are half an inch high.

Slightly taller, but with similar slim lines, are statues carved from ordinary matchsticks.

At High Wycombe is what is claimed to be the world's smallest theatre. There are three rows of seats, enough for a full house of 30 people, with the dress circle of half a dozen chairs raised on a six-inch dais.

By Ronald Gordon

This tiny playhouse has had full-length plays performed on its boards. From stage to back of the hall is only ten feet.

Many places claim to have the smallest church. London has one accommodating a congregation of 14. But probably the church at Guernsey in the Channel Isles wins the title.

Built by a monk from sea-shells, pebbles and cement, it holds six people.

Little churches should have the shortest sermons, but an Irish one holds the record.

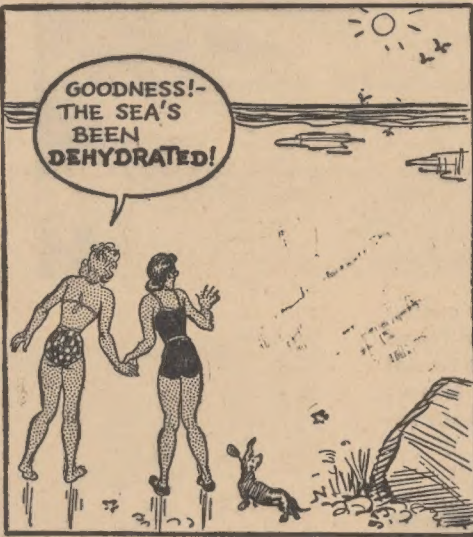
Dean Kirwan, in St. Peter's, Dublin, mounted to his pulpit with everyone expecting a long harangue on the subject of the orphan children—for whom a collection was to be taken.

Kirwan looked round, pointed to the children attending the service, and said, "There they are." The collection was one of the largest.

While on the subject of shortness of speech, the legal record is held by Mr. Justice Taylor.

At the end of a Liverpool case of action for damages, the Judge turned to the jury and spoke two words: "How much?"

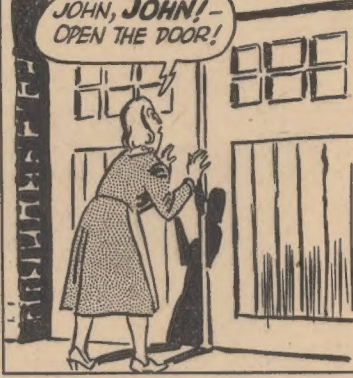
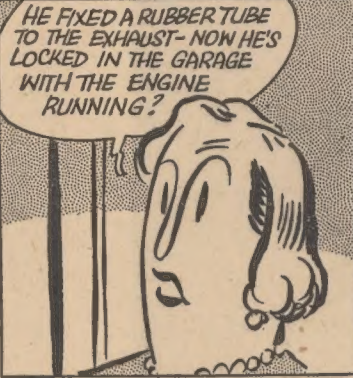
Last word on material miniatures. The smallest watch in the world has been made by an American, Max Argent. It took him two hours a day for a year to complete. It is smaller than your finger-nail and a perfect time-keeper.



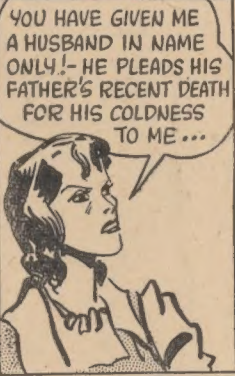
Jack Greenall Says: Ain't Nature Wonderful!

**THE SKUNK.** LIKE the Polecat, the Skunk is best left alone. When peeved it raises its tail, the next split second it raises blue murder, squirting some filthy liquid from due south with the power of a flame-thrower. The stench lingers, and clings, and from then on, you're friendless. If the Polecat's home life is hell, what must a Skunk's be like? The Skunk lives in America, thank heaven. His other name is Mephitis Variens. He is also called others.

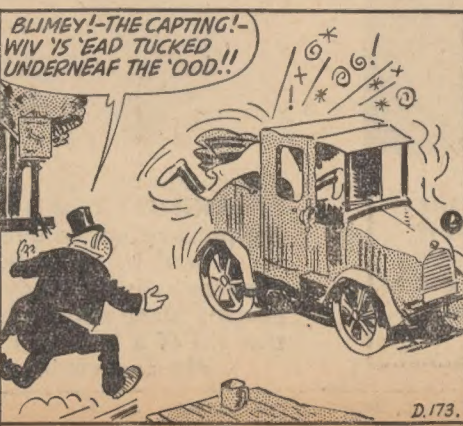
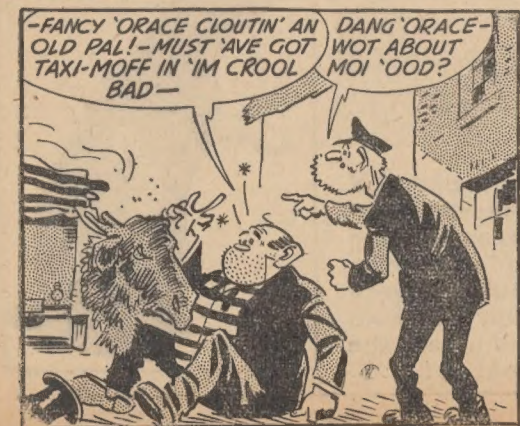
RUGGLES



GARTH

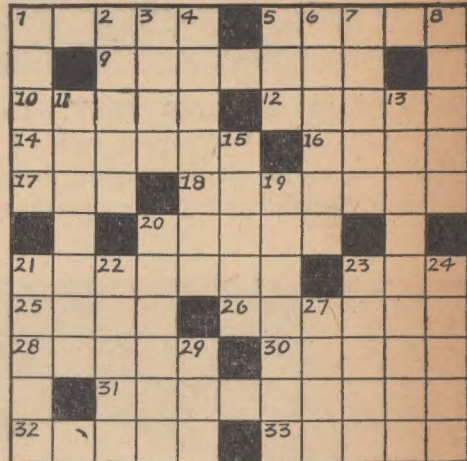


JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

HACK DASHED  
ABRADE LINE  
CLUT BRIDGE  
GENERA GEAR  
L C ARCH C  
ETHER UTTER  
H LEAL O E  
CORD SLUMPS  
ORIENT PARE  
PASS ELATED  
EXETER SOYA



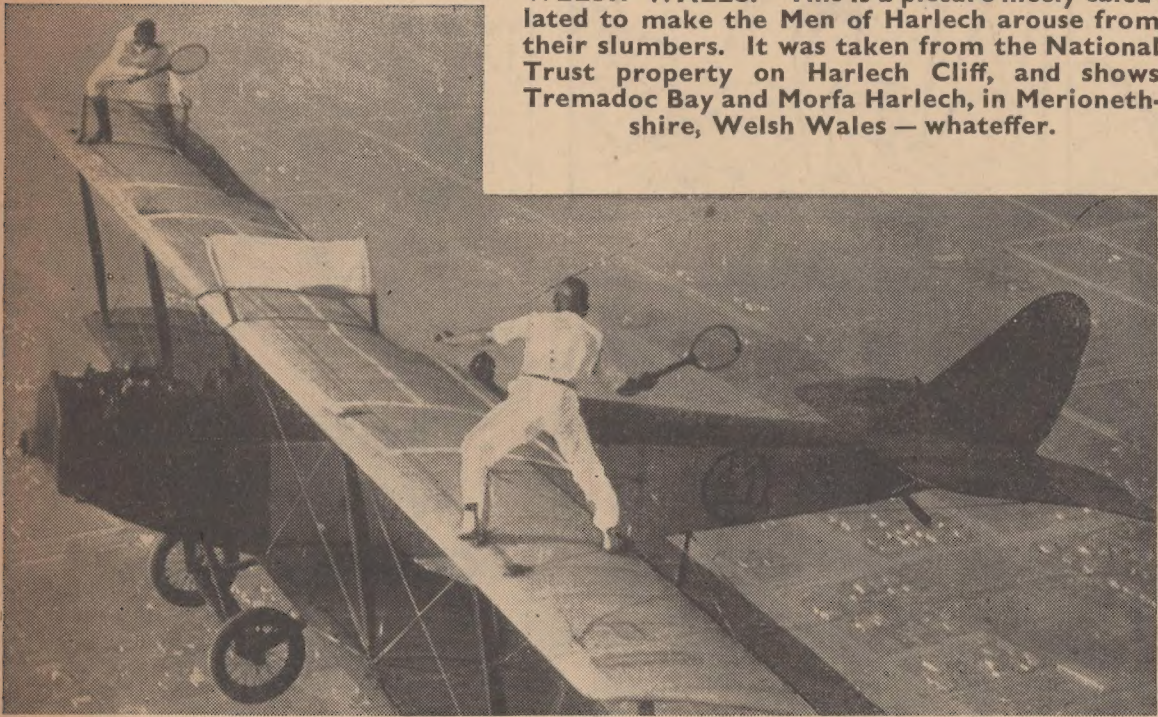
**CLUES ACROSS.**—1 Tree. 5 Creases. 9 Investigate. 10 Characteristic. 12 Part of barrel. 14 Spiny plant. 16 Drew. 17 Hurry. 18 Revokes. 20 Headlands. 21 Alike. 23 Row. 25 Wrinkle. 26 Of wolves. 28 Afresh. 30 Wave. 31 Most mild. 32 Be. 33 Coyly.

**CLUES DOWN.**—1 Letter. 2 Quiet. 3 Egress. 4 Innate. 5 Bone. 6 Joins. 7 Girl's name. 8 Diffuses. 11 Fence. 13 Horse. 15 Calyx-leaf. 19 Reads. 20 Towns. 21 Fish. 22 Florida town. 23 Solved. 24 Poor. 27 Enterprise. 29 Snare.





**WELSH WALES.**— This is a picture nicely calculated to make the Men of Harlech arouse from their slumbers. It was taken from the National Trust property on Harlech Cliff, and shows Tremadoc Bay and Morfa Harlech, in Merionethshire, Welsh Wales — whateffer.



**FORTY-LOVE AT 3,000 FEET.**— Don't tell us, let us guess ! It happened in America ? Yes ! Hollywood ? Correct, again ! This crazy, cloud-capped tennis match was played in the skies on an airplane wing, and our picture shows Gladys Roy, the famous woman aviator, returning a fast one across the net to Ivan Unger, the stunt merchant.



**BASIC.**  
“I don't know what the world is coming to. First, it was Basic English, now it's basic petrol — we'll never get to the bottom of these 'basics' !”



**CONDENSED MILK TINS WILL BE WORN.**

This is not a fashion note concocted by the Crazy Gang. It actually happened — as our footloose cameraman so happily shows you. Seems this Masai tribesman of Kenya thought the old Nestle's Milk tin looked swell hanging from the lug-hole.



**Your Pin-up Girl — LITERALLY SPEAKING !** This is the most charming picture we've ever seen hanging on a wall ! Conscientious Martha Vickers heard the boys out East were getting blasé about pin-ups — so with the aid of a hammer and a nail, she did something about it !

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

